

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 4 1813.

[NO. 31.]

## A REVERIE

ON THE PASSION OF LOVE.

[The Merits of this charming piece will be felt by every reader of taste and discernment.]

"On the tall poplars which surround my cot,  
And mark the boundaries of my humble lot,  
Where I so oft of Cupid's pow'r have sang.  
I fiercely swore my unstrung lyre to hang:  
To breathe in peace—to taste the quiet joy  
Of calm contentment, which can never cloy:  
But more than all—to banish from my heart  
Tormenting love, and its too pleasing smart;  
Thus did I swear—but list'ning cupid smil'd  
And, whilst with his enchantments he beguil'd,  
He wafted on his pinions far away,  
My fruitless oaths, rebellious to his sway."

UPON reading some passages in the fourth book of Virgil, in which he paints the distress of Dido upon her being deserted by Æneas, I could not help revolving in my mind with a good deal of uneasiness, the miseries of love. My reflections threw me into a reverie, which presented to my mind an imaginary train of circumstances which I shall now relate, hoping they may tend to cherish that virtuous sensibility which is the ornament of our nature. My fancy naturally carried me into the times of heathenish superstition, which I hope will be my apology for mentioning Gods and Goddesses. I imagined that the power of love had occasioned general discontent; and that the different orders of men had entered into an agreement to petition Jupiter for her removal.

I thought that at the head of these complainants, stood the men of learning and science; they lamented with vehemence the inroads of love, that it has often betrayed them from the paths of knowledge into perplexity and intrigue. They alledged, that it extinguished in the bosom of the young, all thirst after laudable improvement, and planted in its stead frivolous and tormenting desires. That the pursuit of truth called for a tranquil and serene state of mind, whilst love was constantly attended with tumult and alarm. Whatever turn she takes, said they, she will ever be an enemy to labour, her smiles are too gay, and her disappointments too melancholy, for any serious application. They were grieved to see that so trifling a passion should occupy so much time and attention, and that man, who was formed to contemplate the heavens and the earth, should spend half his life in gaining the good graces of the weaker and more inconsiderable part of his species. I thought I perceived that this turn for love and gallantry, gave particular offence to the whole tribe of astronomers and profound philosophers. They saw with indignation, that many of our youth were more anxious to explain a look, than to solve a problem, and that they would often be playing with a fan, when they should be handling a quadrant. It infatuates every one, said they, who is so unhappy as to be touched with it. He is often more attentive to every change of countenance in a celebrated

beauty, than to the phases of the moon, and is more anxious to be acquainted with all her manœuvres, than with the motion of the whole planetary system. One in particular affirmed upon his knowledge, that he had been acquainted with students in anatomy, who looked with more curiosity into the countenance of a young beauty, than upon the dissection of a bullock's eye. Some who pretend to see much farther than the vulgar, considered every thing relating to love, as capricious and visionary. Since we are all formed of the same materials, it seemed to them very unreasonable that a little difference of form and colour should raise such violent commotions. Beauty, they said, was but a superficial covering, and every thing at the bottom was alike. Upon this principle they looked upon it as the height of philosophy to view with indifference, what has always given mankind the greatest pleasure. This humour they carried so far, that they lamented they could not strip nature herself of her delusions, as they termed them, by taking off those agreeable colourings of light and shade which lie upon the objects around us, and give them all their richness and beauty. They would have been glad to have turned the creation into a colourless and dreary waste, that they might have wandered up and down and taken a closer survey of it.

The next class of petitioners, I observed, were the men of business. They set out with remarking, that they did not join in the complaints that were made against love upon their own account; for though they had been weak enough in the younger part of their lives to fall under its influence, it was many years since they had felt the slightest impressions of it. They had in view the welfare of their children, and this being neither more or less than their affluence, they were led to consider love chiefly in the light of an expensive passion. Its little tendernesses and endearments appeared to them inexpressibly ridiculous, and they wondered how any body could be foolish enough to spend hours in tattling to women, without thinking to gain a farthing by it. They gave a long list of young men who had been frugal and industrious, till they were enticed by love to prefer pleasure to profit. They declared, that when we take an account of balls, and treats, and trinkets of various kinds, with the loss of time inseparably attendant upon them, it was at the peril of a fortune to attempt the heart of a beloved object. I was a good deal amused with the manner in which they treated of love; they considered it as they would any other commodity, setting a price upon every part of it. They reckoned a sigh at a shilling, and if it chanced to be observed by the person for whom it was intended, it was well if half a guinea cleared the expense of it. A side glance was rated at half as much as a full view; they portioned out all the parts of a beautiful person, and made a valuation of each of them.—The same scale was applied to their very attitudes; for the sight of a beautiful woman, dancing, was accounted a matter of enormous

expense, and if she chanced to smile with any degree of complacency upon any one, it was well if he was not ruined. Under these impressions, they considered love as the certain forerunner of poverty.

There was one complaint raised against this passion, which I thought had something in it more plausible than any I have yet mentioned; it turned upon the ease with which it makes its approaches upon us, and the impossibility of guarding against its first advances. We have been able, said they, by art, to manage the elements so as in general to prevent any dangerous overflowings of them. We brave the storm in ships, and dive into the sea in bells, but the ingenuity of man has hit upon no contrivance to save us from the influence of love. Could we call it in to amuse a leisure hour, or to relieve the languor of a few tedious moments, and then dismiss it again, it might be esteemed a blessing, in a life so barren of enjoyment. But it is an influence that is shed all around us, and pours itself upon us from every corner. It often lies hid betwixt the keys of an harpsichord, and is shaken out with a few touches of the finger. It flounces in an apron, and is trailed along with a petticoat. No circumspection can preserve us from it, for it will often steal upon us, when we are least upon our guard. It hides itself in a lock, and waves in ringlets of the hair. It will enter by an eye, an ear, a hand or a foot. A glance and gaze are sometimes equally fatal.

I was next presented with a scene which I thought as interesting and solemn as can enter into the imagination of man. This was no other than a view of the whole train of disappointed lovers. At the sight of them my heart melted insensibly into the most tender compassion. There was an extreme dejection, mingled with a piercing wildness in their looks, that was very affecting. Cheerfulness and serenity, I could easily perceive they had been long strangers to. Their countenances were overspread with a gloom which appeared to be of long standing, and to be collected there from dark and dismal imaginations. There was at the same time all that kind of animation in their features, which betokens troubled thoughts. Their air and manner was altogether singular, and such as marks a spirit at once eager and irresolute. Their step was irregular, and they ever and anon started and looked around them, as tho' they were alarmed by some secret terror. I was somewhat surprised in looking through the whole assembly, not to see any one that wept. When they were arrived at the place where they had determined to present their united petitions, I was particularly attentive to observe every thing that passed. Though I listened, I could not learn any thing distinctly. After an interval of profound silence, a murmur only of broken sighs and piercing exclamations was heard through the assembly. I should have mentioned, that some of them fell off before they had got to the place of rendezvous. They halted for some time, and continued in a melancholy suspense, wheth-



er they should turn back, or go forward. They knew not which to prefer; the tranquillity of indifference, or the tender distresses of love; at length they inclined to the latter, not having resolution even to wish for the extinction of a passion which mingled itself with the very elements of their existence. Why, said they, should we banish from our minds the image of all that is pleasing and delightful, and which if we could once forget, there would be nothing left in the world worth remembering. The agitation and anxiety felt upon this occasion, could I lay it fully open to the reader, would form a much more interesting picture than the deliberations of Cæsar, whether he should pass the Rubicon.

I imagined there were several other distinct bodies of men, who complained to the heavenly powers of the tyranny of love, but the particulars having in a great measure faded from my memory, the reader must excuse my passing them over in silence. I must not however forget to observe, that the number and unanimity of those who presented their petitions upon this occasion, were such, that they might fairly be considered as representing the sentiments of far the greater part of mankind.

(To be continued.)

#### THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

(Concluded from our last.)

I HAD scarcely finished these entertaining and liberal memorandums, when the man of the world entered, as I was putting the card out of my hand: he did not appear at all confused at what he beheld, but very kindly relieved me from my embarrassment by taking up the tablet of *Mems.* that now lay on the table, and, putting it into my hand. "There," cried he, "look at this, 'twill amuse ye infinitely; you see I'm a bit of an author; most of them family likenesses. My dear fellow, what would I give for your talents, that I might distinguish and honour the good, and ridicule and satirise the bad. I think you could write a most excellent lampoon. I venerate a man of letters. Will you dine with us?" This torrent of flattery and falsehood almost overcame me; and it was with some difficulty that I rose up to take my leave; which I managed to do, but not without the following reproof on my lips: "Sir, we are placed here, children of the same parent, tenants of the same soil, united by the same principles of society. Let our lot be cast where it may, high or low, rich or poor, we have certain duties to exercise and fulfil in life, which should be perfectly reciprocal. Nature and Reason enforce this reciprocity for the benefit of all; and it is only the bad man who attempts to make an undue or unfair use of the property of others, be it in talents or riches: the man who only makes use of his neighbour for his own advantage, convenience, or pleasure, is no better than a pickpocket, who amuses you in conversation while he steals your purse. You are at liberty, Sir, (continued I) to make use of these observations when and where you please."—"That I will, my dear fellow, (replied Mr. Plausible, with an audacious smile) the very first opportunity. Good morning, my dear Scribble; upon my soul I'm much obliged to you."

Such was the character of Mr. Plausible; and it will not, perhaps, be amiss to point out in this place, for the service of the inexperienced, the best means of guarding against the

specious appearances and pretensions of a man so well qualified to deceive.

The only safe rule by which we may detect the impostor is, to appreciate his moral and religious character; not as he represents it himself, nor even as he is represented by others; but to watch carefully the tenor of his conductor, his every-day appearance, when he throws down the mask in moments of inadvertence, pride, or passion; these accidental surprises will sometimes betray him, and lay open the true sentiments of his heart. Thus much is certain, that if no moral principles or precepts of religion direct his conduct to his neighbours, he is dangerous to society, and in no wise to be trusted.

Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, that there never was a hypocrite so disguised, but he had some mark or other yet to be known by: but it is not easy to discover the heart of a man who has power to suppress every feeling, and govern every passion.

Let, however, the accomplished hypocrite have the full powers of fascination, we have one sure method of avoiding the danger of his conversation; and that is, in all our dealings to separate the man, his manners, his talents, his persuasion, entirely from the argument, and consider the facts simply as they are, without reference to any thing incidental. Strip his discourse of the dress that it wears, and truth will come forward in an unquestionable shape.

Let us now take a view of the condition of the man of the world, and we shall find him in a state of the most wretched uneasiness, labouring under the painful task of continued restraint and caution, and subjected to repeated apprehensions and fears from the badness of his title to respect and esteem. If his expedients fail, he is without consolation; if his true character be discovered, he is without a friend.

How different is the situation of the man of integrity! Honest and sincere in his views and intentions, his countenance is the index of his heart, and his language a declaration of its dictates: he knows that truth has the strongest claims to regard, and trusts, for support, to the justness of his cause: such a man seldom suffers from the want of success, because he seldom raises his expectations to undue heights. But, as he is unambitious, is seldom disappointed: ingenuous, and unreserved, he readily associates with his fellow-creatures without interested designs: and like the good man described by the Psalmist, performs his promise, though to his loss. This man doubts not, hesitates not, what he ought to do: convinced that honesty is the best policy, he comes forward in open day-light; and, let him meet what obstacles he may, ultimately gains the victory over fraud and imposition; enjoying in this world the blessing of a self approving heart, and looking forward with humble confidence to a better.

#### VICISSITUDES OF NATURE.

WHEN I consider, says the pensive Goldsmith, the various vicissitudes of nature: lands swallowed by yawning earthquakes, or overwhelmed in the deep; rivers and lakes disappearing or dried away; mountains levelled into plains, and plains swelling into mountains; I cannot help regarding this earth as a place of very little stability; as a transient abode of still more transitory beings.

#### EXTRAORDINARY ATTACHMENT IN A BRUT

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours;—"Two persons were on a short journey, and, passing through a hollow, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked and pursued till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village called Chabellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they proposed selling the skin. Badger hair furnishes excellent scum-bling brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress; and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before—when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village—nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation, by any means; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards burnt it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

#### THE RUSTIC RAMBLER.

LIGHT as air the lovely Laura tript the green. It was the smiling month of May, the season formed for harmony and love. The songsters of the vale now hop from spray to spray, and from oak to elm warble their sweet notes of love, and tell the mournful tale.—The flowers that spread the gay mead no longer hang their drooping heads, but open as the day, waft on ambient air Arabia's rich perfumes, and spread their thousand glowing colours round. Sol's noontide beams dance upon the liquid stream which runs murmuring by. The scene was sweetly still. Laura's heart, attracted by the lure beat with the most soft sensation! at length a something bid her stop. At a small distance a lovely youth reclined on a bank: a pipe and crook lay useless by his side, and dejection was pictured on his countenance. It was Collin the pride of swains; and for Pastorella he sighs, and hither had he come to prevent his grief. Laura was affected: "Adamantine is that heart," says she, "which softens not another's woes: would to heaven I could cure his pain or mitigate his grief—Pastorella cruel maid."

Delicacy, that dear intruder, bid the Rustic Rambler to forbear the task: humanity in vain contended with the blushing maid: soon she quits the lawn, and flies to Pastorella: here she tells of Collin's woes, entreats the maid to bid him fly despair. Pastorella listens—heaves a sigh. If the fond shepherd sigh for her she will ease his heart. Laura again rambles, and again she meets the swain: no more the pipe and crook lay useless by: no more the sorrowing youth bids *hope adieu* and welcomes sad despair: again joy gladdens in his countenance; again he joins the festive dance, and again his pipe tunes to the notes of music and breathes



young Collin's voice : no more his lambkins neglected rove along the green, and with their pensive bleatings intreat the shepherd's care. The Villagers all mark the change, and wonder at the cause. Pastorella tells 'tis Laura—Kind echo hears the story, and Time's swift wings spread the tale from east to west, and all with one voice bless the hour of Laura's rambling.

## Variety.

### FRIENDSHIP.

#### A SIMILE.

IMAGINE an aged oak rearing its exposed head alone on a barren hill—the rough blast whistles through its worn out limbs; the battering hail beats forcefully against its side; long it has braved the raging elements: long magnanimously withstood their fury!—but its strength now fails—exhausted and fatigued, with no friendly wood in part to screen it from the assailing storm—it groans a while beneath its fury, until at length, its body and its branches are severed and dispersed by the all-sweeping power of Heaven's electric ball.—So is it with friendless *Man*—the darkly-rolling waves of adversity incessant rush against him—the clouds, as bleak and rough they roll along the sky of sorrow, emit their sulphureous flames on his devoted head; amazed he stands!—no friendly arm appears to rescue him from the roaring cataract of ruin—prone falls the wretched creature, and sinks amidst the whirling waves, to rise no more.

"An example worthy of imitation."

#### A PRIVATE SOLDIER,

IN the great Conde's army, being ill treated by a general officer, and struck several times with a cane, for some disrespectful words he had let fall, answered coolly, "that he would soon make him repent of it."

Fifteen days after, the same general officer ordered the colonel of the Trenches to find him out a bold and intrepid fellow, for some daring enterprize, for which he promised 100 pistoles. The soldier before mentioned, who passed for the bravest in the regiment, offered his service; and taking with him thirty of his comrades, of whom the choice was left to himself, he discharged his commission, which was extremely hazardous, with incredible courage and success. Upon his return, the general officer highly commended him, and gave him the 100 pistoles he had promised. The soldier presently distributed them among his comrades, saying, "he did not serve for pay;" and demanded only, if they thought his late action worthy of recompence, that they would make him an officer. "And now, Sir," adds he, to the general, who did not know him, "I am the soldier you so much abused fifteen days ago: I told you then that I would make you repent it."

The officer, in great admiration, melting into tears, threw his arms round his neck, begged his pardon, and gave him a commission that very day.

Under his patronage, the noble-minded soldier rose by degrees, until he himself became a general officer.

### ENIGMATICAL LIST of Vessels of War in the American Navy, for the Amusement of the Ladies.

1. A rich spice, a Spanish title, myself, and two-thirds of an insect.
2. The least number, two-sixths of a Man's Christian name, to represent, and a serpentine letter.
3. The head of a society.
4. An assembly.
5. The main law of America.
6. The first man, and a serpentine letter.
7. To be on the look out,
8. A beautiful fowl.
9. To come in, and a reward to merit.
10. A part of a cow, and what we all do, omitting a letter.

J. L.

## Weekly Museum.

### NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1813.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Accounts are received at New-Bedford from France to the 22d October, a month later than former advices, but in these, very little appears important but what has already been published. At the above time Dresden was still in possession of the French; but the capt. says it was reported at Bourdeaux before he left it that Bonaparte had abandoned it, and was retiring to the Rhine. The Senatus Consultum had passed a decree that peace shall never be made between France and Sweden till the latter power shall have renounced possession of the island of Gaudaloupe, which England had lately ceded them.

Accounts have also been received 4 days later from England, but they furnish nothing new of importance.

The official account of the battle of Williamsburg, in Upper Canada, fought the 11th Nov. (as stated in our last) has been published. Gen. Wilkinson says his force at first did not exceed 1800 men, but that late in the day, having received information that the battle had become somewhat dubious, he had ordered a reinforcement of 600 men under col. Upham to land, who gallantly led them into action, which terminated a few minutes after their arrival on the ground. By the accounts of some prisoners, it is said the British force, comprised of regulars, Canadian militia, and Indians, amounted to 2170, with 4 pieces of artillery and several gun boats.

By the returns of our loss in killed and wounded, it is said that 339 were killed and wounded; of whom 103 were killed, including gen. Covington, who died of his wounds, 3 subaltern officers, 7 sergeants, 3 corporals and 1 musician. The gen. says, "this affair certainly reflects high honour on the valor of the American soldier, as no examples can be produced of undisciplined men, with inexperienced officers, braving a fire of two hours and a half, without quitting the field or yielding to their antagonists." The force engaged was made up of detachments from the main body of the army, and commanded by gen. Boyd, with the aid of generals Swartwout and Covington. The wounded, it is said, were the only prisoners taken, and one field piece.

The failure in not taking Montreal in this expedition is, by gen. Wilkinson chiefly attributed to gen. Hampton's not joining him with his troops and provisions at a point he had ordered him. Gen. Hampton, in reply states the impracticability of doing this with more provisions than the men could carry on their backs, as the way was in many places blockaded and abated, and his men worn down by fatigue and bad weather; and for him to join him in that state would only be increasing the general want.

The armies, as stated in our last, has gone into winter quarters; and several officers in the course of the week have arrived in this city, with generals Harrison and Hampton. Gen. Wilkinson remained with the army very sick.

The British official account of the battle of Williamsburgh, says, their force consisted of 800 men with a detachment of the Canadian Voltigeurs and a small band of Indian warriors, the whole under the command of lieut. col. Morrison. They say their loss on this occasion was 1 captain, 2 drummers, nine subalterns, and 19 rank and file killed: 1 captain, nine subalterns, 6 sergeants, and 131 rank and file wounded, and 12 rank and file missing. Total 190 killed wounded, and missing.

The blockading ship off the Hook, has taken several coasting vessels this week; among others is a sloop from Philadelphia, having the organ of St. John's Church on board. This vessel they burnt after taking out the cargo.

On Monday the Plantagenet chased ashore about 12 miles to the southward of Sandy-Hook, the schr. John & Mary, from New-Orleans to New-York, with a cargo of cotton, sugar and lead. After the barges had taken off about half the cargo, the timely arrival of 150 men from the flotilla with small arms, under sailing-master Percival, put a stop to their further proceedings. A flag was then sent by the British capt. offering 1000 dollars for the vessel, with a threat of destroying her and the houses at Long-Branch, in case of non-compliance; but this not being agreed to, the 74 commenced her fire, and after expending about 700 rounds of ammunition principally against the Sand-Hills, as neither the vessel nor houses were much injured, they gave up the contest, when the remainder of the cargo was secured.

We have accounts of a most dreadful gale of wind at Halifax, (N. S.) on the 12th of Nov. in which 102 vessels are mentioned as having either been damaged in their hulls, dismasted, driven ashore or sunk, and that a number of persons perished in the storm. Of the above we notice that two 74's, one frigate, and a number of armed vessels, were among those ashore, and that the Atalanta sloop of war was totally lost near the Light-House of that place. Crew saved.

Yesterday morning a most alarming fire broke out in the new brick building, corner of Nassau and Wall-streets, owned by Messrs. Eastburn, Kirk, & Co. booksellers of this city, who by this calamity, although only the upper part of the building was destroyed, must have suffered a considerable loss. The house was not quite finished, and the accident is attributed to the carelessness of one of the carpenters in leaving shavings near a hearth with fire, while he went to breakfast.

The United States frigate President, commodore Rodgers, it is said, gave the enemy the slip out of Newport, and went to sea on Sunday night last.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED,

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. James Anderson, to Miss Elizabeth Shaw, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Henry Ruckell, to Miss Rebecca Cullum, daughter of Mr. George Cullum.

By the rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. David Purdy, to Miss Sally Lecount, both of New Rochelle.

At Flushing, by the rev. Mr. Bulkly, Mr. David A. Robinson, printer, of Trenton, (N. J.) to Miss Eliza W. Budd, of Flushing, (L. I.)

At Brooklyn, by the rev. Mr. Feltus, Capt. Thomas Davies, to Miss Ann Powers, both of Waterford.

At Bristol, (R. I.) by the rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. David Telfair, of the U. S. frigate President, to Miss Mary M. Pierce, of Newport.

## Obituary.

### DIED,

Mrs. Lavinia Mott, wife of Mr. Jacob Mott, aged 52.

Mr. Andrew Malloch.

At Springfield, Otswego County, after a tedious illness, Miss Mary Gibson, aged 18, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Gibson, of this city.

On the 24th inst. after a rapid consumption, of only two months, Miss Eliza Donovan, in the 18th year of her age, a young lady of amiable disposition and interesting behaviour.

Though, like a beauteous op'ning rose,

Pluck'd in the "incense breathing morn,"

A lovely friend you sudden lose—

Weep not upon her hallowed urn.

—She's gone from sickness, care, and strife,

To happier realms above the sky;

There to enjoy eternal life—

Nor ever more to heave a sigh.

F



## Seat of the Muses.

### THE VANITY OF LIFE.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and wither'd to the ground;  
Thus, to thoughtless mortals calling,  
With a sad and solemn sound:  
"Sons of Adam, once in Eden,  
"Blighted when like us you fell;  
"Hear the lecture we are reading,  
"Tis, alas! the truth we tell.  
"Virgins! much, too much presuming,  
"In your boasted white and red;  
View us late in beauty blooming,  
"Number'd now among the dead.  
"Gripping misers! nightly waking,  
"See the end of all your care;  
"Fled on wings of our own making,  
"We have left our owners bare.  
"Sons of honour! fed on praises,  
"Flutt'ring high on fancied worth;  
"Lo! the fickle air that raises,  
"Brings us down to parent earth.  
"Learned sophs! in systems jaded,  
"Who for new ones daily call;  
"Cease, at length by us persuaded,  
"Every leaf must have a fall.  
Youths! though yet no losses grieve you,  
"Gay in health and manly grace;  
"Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
"Summer gives to autumn place.  
"Venerable Sires! grown hoary,  
"Hither turn th' unwilling eye;  
"Think amidst your falling glory,  
"Autumn tells a winter nigh.  
"Yearly in our course returning,  
"Messengers of shortest stay,  
"Thus we preach this truth unerring,  
"Heaven and earth shall pass away!  
"On the Tree of life eternal,  
"Man! let all thy hopes be staid;  
"Which alone, for ever vernal,  
"Bears a leaf which ne'er shall fade."

### YOUTH AND AGE.

WITH cheerful steps the traveller  
Pursues his early way,  
When first the dimly-dawning east  
Reveals the rising day.  
He bounds along his craggy road,  
He hastens up the height,  
And all he sees and all he hears,  
But only give delight.  
And if the mist retiring slow,  
Roll round its wavy white,  
He thinks the morning vapours hide  
Some beauty from his sight.  
But when behind the western clouds  
Departs the fading day,  
How wearily the traveller  
Pursues his evening way!  
Then sorely o'er the craggy road  
His painful footsteps creep,  
And slow with many a feeble pause,  
He labours up the steep  
And if the mists of night close round,  
They fill his soul with fear;  
He dreads some unseen precipice,  
Some hidden danger near.  
So cheerfully does youth begin  
Life's pleasant morning stage;  
Alas! the evening traveller feels  
The fears of weary age!

### THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A Brace of sinners for no good,  
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,  
And, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,  
With something in their shoes much worse than  
gravel;

In short, their toes, so gentle to amuse,  
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes;

A nostrum famous in old Popish times  
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;  
A sort of apostolic salt,  
That Popish parsons for it's powers exalt  
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;  
But very different was their speed, I wot;  
One of the sinners gailop'd on,  
Light as a bullet from a gun;  
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cry'd—  
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;  
When home again he nimbly hied;  
Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
He met his brother rogue about half way;  
Hobbling with out-stretch'd bum and bending knees;  
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;  
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,  
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light toed, whitewash'd pilgrim  
broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Odds curse it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke—  
My feet, once hard as any rock,  
Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;  
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;  
No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go;  
For damme if I ha'n't lost every toe.

But, brother sinner, do explain  
How't is that you are not in pain;  
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes;  
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,  
Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,  
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes!

How is't that thou can like a greyhound go,  
Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!"  
"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you must know,  
That just before I ventur'd on my journey,  
To walk a little more at ease,  
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

## Morality.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

WHEN Athens was at the height of her  
power and happiness, she took the greatest  
pains to disseminate and cultivate the arts and  
sciences, which by so doing she enlarged her  
borders, and her name became a terror to the  
Persian empire. In the time of the Republic  
of Rome, when wise philosophers held the  
highest rank in power; what was the conse-  
quence? I answer liberty and happiness in  
their own dominions; terror and dismay to  
their enemies. The fine arts were cultivated  
the juvenile minds were trained to virtue, and  
honour; peace and plenty diffused itself to  
all classes of people: the plebian as well as  
the patrician possessed the true enjoyment of  
life, and nothing remained to constitute a glo-  
rious and happy people. But view the con-  
trast: when her liberty was snatched from her,  
when her liberty was swayed by ignorant and  
superstitious kings, when learned men and  
philosophers were banished from her territo-  
ries, and their youth trained up in the super-  
stition of the times, or rather left to follow all  
her vices without any restraint—we see her  
run headlong to ruin, and her name become  
extinct among the nations of the earth. No

prophetic vision, nor prophetic language can  
be more convincing to predict the future pros-  
perity or adversity of a country than the edu-  
cation of its youth. If we see the seeds of  
virtue disseminated, and strict attention paid  
to form the minds of the young, we may ex-  
pect a fruitful harvest. But if on the contrary,  
we may calculate that our country's downfall is  
inevitable. Socrates grieved much at the vices  
of his countrymen, and made many efforts to  
reform those who had grown old in sin, but to  
little or no effect; for those who had grown old  
in sin, had also become too obstinate to be re-  
formed. He instructed the youth of Athens in  
the precepts of morality, and painted virtue in  
her most glowing colours. In his discourses  
to them, he says, that from virtue proceeds  
riches, honor and happiness. That virtue does  
not proceed from riches, but on the contrary  
riches from virtue. The destruction of his  
country had been foretold him, and that her  
luxuries and vices would be the cause, in un-  
dermining her liberty, which would prove her  
downfall. Thus we see that by our attention to  
form the minds of our youth we may correctly  
judge of the future prosperity of the sons of  
America, and even of sons unborn.

PHILADELPHUS.

## anecdotes.

IN all wars, it is usual for the contending  
powers to offer up prayers to heaven for their  
own success and the overthrow of their ene-  
mies, each party frequently adding, 'Accord-  
ing to the *justness of our cause*, O Lord, help  
us, &c.' Now considering that the cause of  
*both parties* cannot be *precisely* just, it would  
perhaps be quite as judicious, and certainly  
more sincere, as well as modest, to adopt the  
language, or at least the spirit of an old Scotch  
woman, who was a sutler in the duke of Marl-  
borough's army. It so happened, that this  
faithful follower of the camp was one evening  
talking to a venerable sister of the same pro-  
fession, but not of the same country, on the  
probable consequences of an engagement ex-  
pected to be fought between the two armies  
next morning. 'Well,' said the English sutler,  
'Well—it will certainly be a most bloody bat-  
tle; and all I have to say is, *May God stand  
by the right!*'—'De'el pick out your eyne for  
your wacked wish,' replied the Scotch one—  
'God stand by Hamilton's regiment, *reight or  
wrang!*'

### CONJUGAL AFFECTION MUTUALLY DISPLAYED.

A gentleman, not fond of his wife, hearing  
her cough a good deal, said to a friend, who  
let drop some pitying expressions, prithee Tom  
never mind her, let her be d—d with her cough,  
*I hope it will carry her to the devil in a fort-  
night*. The lady, who was in another room,  
overhearing this *affectionate speech*, immedi-  
ately rushed into the parlour where it was de-  
livered, and advancing to her husband, told  
him briskly, *that she had too much of his com-  
pany in this world, to wish to have it in the next.*

### THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum  
or for fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No.  
70 John-street, corner of Gold-st. New-York. City  
subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers  
the *whole*, in advance; and it is a positive condition  
that all letters and communications come *free of  
postage*.